

A Learned Russian Baby.

William Lyon Phelps tells this story about Robert Louis Stevenson as illustrating the cosmopolitanism of Russian character, which Professor Phelps says is unaccountable in a measure for the international effect and influence of Russian novels. Stevenson, writing from Mentone to his mother, Jan. 7, 1874, said: "We have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable little scene at lunch today. She said something in Italian which made everybody laugh very much. After some examination she announced emphatically to the whole table in German that I was a madchen. This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was eager to retract, but her new opinion was announced in a language quite unknown to me and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments she said goodby to me in very commendable English. Three days later Stevenson added: 'The little Russian kid is only two and a half. She speaks six languages.'

"A Right and Lawful Road."

An example of the old rough and ready method of arriving at a measurement is the Elizabethan way of getting the "feet." Falestin Leigh, who wrote on surveying, records that after service on Sunday sixteen men were stopped at the church door, just as they happened to come out, and drawn up in line, left foot to left foot. The length thus obtained was taken as "a right and lawful road to measure and survey the land with," and a sixteenth part of it as "a right and lawful foot." Although big and little men were thus roughly averaged against each other, the results naturally varied to some extent. Hence, as Shav Sparrow notes in treating of this "road" as the architectural "bay" which gives us the "bay window," that a bay is sometimes found to be rather less than sixteen feet of twelve inches.—London Chronicle.

The Shepherd and His Flock.

A certain good bishop was in Italy for his health, and while walking in the country one day he met a small girl who was tending some pigs. The animals were giving her a great deal of trouble, and the good bishop offered to stay and watch the ones that were grunting and the others that were whining. The little shepherdess went to catch two runaways that had strayed from the fold. When she came back the reverend gentleman stroked the unkempt curly head of the child and asked her how much she earned by her hard work and was told that she received 4 soldi a day.

"Do you know," said he, "that I, too, am a shepherd?" But I earn much more than you."

Impaling the Wild Boar.

In Germany the boar hunt occurs annually. Trained hounds are held in leash until the air of the boar is sniffed, and then they are let go. Off rush the whistling beasts. They run fast, and the faster they skip along the wider and "madder" they get. Sometimes they are shot, but the correct style of killing is to use a long spear or a short swordlike knife. The hunter slips his boarshield speeing along in an almost straight line, blinded with rage and ferocity. Bending over sideways to the earth, the sportsman thrusts his spear dull end downward in the soil and the sharp point slanting upward and turned directly to the boar's path. Straight on the wild hog rushes, and with all the impetus of his long light he plunges upon the spear point and there, impaled, dies a bloody death.

Peculiarity of Sea Otter Fur.

"This collar," said a furrier, "is sea otter skin, the costliest fur known. Silver fox, beside sea otter, is cheap. Where you would pay \$1,000 for a silver fox skin you'd pay \$2,000 for a sea otter. It is only the Russians, the world's greatest fur lovers, who go in for this most precious of all furs. They use it exclusively for coat collars. Why? For a strange reason, an almost incredible reason. Sea otter is the only fur on which the breath never freezes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MacPherson's Testimony.

The MacPherson-Mann, Judkins is right—there's a deal of sufferin' attendant on you whusky drinkin', for, MacTeggart, ye'll mind me, whiles a man's drinkin' his an whusky there's the terrible expense ta think of, an' whiles he's drinkin' a friend's whusky he drinks see much that he suffers terrible the morn.—London M. A. P.

The Sequence.

It was a Kingston (Ont.) woman who recently sized up one feature of the servant girl question in a new way. She said, "I got a girl to relieve me of physical fatigue, and soon I got rid of her to relieve me of mental fatigue."

Cited His Own Case.

Singleton—Even a married man has a right to his own opinion. Henpeckie—My dear fellow, it isn't a question of right. It's a question of courage.—Philadelphia Record.

Little Words.

Out of the 267 words in Abraham Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg speech 196 are words of only one syllable. It isn't the big words that count.—New York Herald.

The Recoll.

Sophomore—Wonder what makes the telegraph lines hum? Senior—I've wired dad for dough, and I guess he's talking back.—Chicago Journal.

Possibly.

Mr. Briggs—Here's an article, my dear, a very interesting article, in which a prominent doctor says that a certain cure for nervousness in women is silence—complete silence. Mrs. Briggs (promptly)—I'll bet anything some fool of a man doctor wrote that!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easily Attained.

"I am determined to live in luxurious surroundings and eat and drink the best the land affords," said the frankly selfish man.

"That ought to be easily arranged," replied Miss Cayenne. "All you have to do is to get a situation as a butler."—Washington Star.

He Was Prepared.

Mrs. McTurk—Mr. McDougall, upstairs, fell over his window sill and was hit last night. The Minister—Dear dear, how said! I trust he was prepared for the end? Mrs. McTurk—Oh, I'm sure he was, because when he passed our window I heard him say, "No fur the bump!"—Dundee Advertiser.

In the Wake of the Measles.

The little son of Mrs. O. B. Palmer, Little Rock, Ark., had the measles. The result was a severe cough which grew worse and he could not sleep. She says: "One bottle of Foley's Kidney Pills completely cured him and he has never been bothered since." (Group, whooping cough, measles cough all yield to Foley's Kidney and Tar Compound. The genuine is in the yellow package always. Refuse substitutes. W. E. Brown & Co.)

His Frankness Won.

The late Senator Dooliver said that in politics it paid to be frank and honest with the people.

"My predecessor in the senate," he said, "was John H. Gear. On one occasion the prohibition spirit was running high, and a public meeting was held, with a well known Quaker as chairman. Gear was invited to the meeting. He accepted the invitation. The old Quaker called him to the platform and said:

"We learn that thou dost not belong to any temperance society and also that thou dost drink liquor at thy discretion. Is this true?"

"Every word of it is true," replied Gear, "but did you ever hear of my doing anything dishonorable?"

"Nay, Mr. Gear," replied the old Quaker chairman—"we have never heard anything else to thy discredit. Thy frankness is more to be commended than thy habits. But thou hast not lied to us, and we will support thee."

"And they did," said Senator Dooliver, "and elected him too!"—Washington Star.

Her Bridge Prize.

A decided coldness between two women who had been friends for many years is the result of a mistake made by the maid of one of them who had a four table bridge party one afternoon recently. In keeping with the custom, she had provided a prize for each table to be brought to the card room just before tea was served and placed on the tables which bore the corresponding numbers. It was a "lovely party" in every respect, with never a hitch until the woman at No. 5 opened the parcel which was supposed to contain her trophy of victory over her three competitors, but which really contained a piece of perfumed soap. Unfortunately, the hostess was not in the group when the package was opened, and much had been said before she discovered that the wrong bundle had been brought downstairs.—New York Tribune.

The Seal's Marvelous Instinct.

The instinct of the seal is marvelous. It will leave its young on the ice in the morning and, going down through a hole, remain away all day swimming in search of food. Returning in the evening, it will locate its offspring in the same "patch" among hundreds of thousands of other baby seals notwithstanding that the ice may have wheeled or drifted fifty or sixty miles during the day from wind and tide and notwithstanding that the patch may extend thirty or forty miles from one end to the other. Whether this instinct is of the class that enables the bird without any mark or chart in a forest with millions of trees alike to find its way back with ease and precision to its nest I do not know, but it is one of those wonders in nature before which human knowledge is brought to a full stop.—Sir Edward Morris in Wide World Magazine.

The Jekyll and Hyde Idea.

"I was in Stevenson's company," says Charles Brookfield in "Random Reminiscences," "at the moment that he conceived the germ of the idea of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' He was inquiring about a man with whom he had done business and with whom he was dissatisfied. The man's name was Samuel Creggan, or something like it. 'He's a man who trades on the Samuel,' Stevenson declared. 'He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face, with the gesture of Samuel he invites you into a chair, with Samuel's eyes cast down in self depreciation he tells you how well satisfied his clients have always been with his dealings, but every now and again you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's the real man; Samuel's only superficial!'"

Warning to Railroad Men.

E. S. Bacon, 11 East St., Bath, Me., sends out this warning to railroaders: "A conductor on the railroad, my work caused a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and I was miserable and all played out. A friend advised Foley's Kidney Pills and from the day I commenced taking them, I began to regain my strength. The inflammation cleared and I am far better than I have been for twenty years. The weakness and dizzy spells are a thing of the past and I highly recommend Foley's Kidney Pills." W. E. Brown & Co.

Police Methods in Berlin.

Berlin is the most strictly governed city in the world, and a stranger will be continually violating the ordinances and regulations without being conscious of his offenses. But the penalties are not severe, and the policeman who arrests you is prepared to impose the fine on the spot instead of calling a patrol wagon and taking you to the police station. You pay him a few marks, for which he gives you a receipt, and within twenty-four hours you must appear before the captain in charge of that precinct and turn in the receipt as a check upon the policeman who has arrested you.

Days of Dizziness

Come to Hundreds of Manning People.

There are days of dizziness: Spells of headache, languor, backache: Sometimes rheumatic pains: Often urinary disorders. All tell you plainly the kidneys are sick.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for kidney ills.

Here is proof of their merit in Manning.

Mrs. Joseph Wells, of Manning, S. C., says: "I was afflicted with kidney complaint and I suffered intensely from dull, nagging backaches, headaches and dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills proved to be just what I needed and I had not used them long before I was entirely relieved. I got this preparation from Dr. W. E. Brown & Co.'s Drug Store and I cheerfully recommend it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Not the Answer He Expected.

Whitefield, whose dramatic appeals to his listeners were always a noteworthy part of his sermons, once preached to a body of seamen in New York. In the course of his sermon he introduced the following words:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens and that dark cloud rising from the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear the distant thunder? Don't you see those flashings of lightning? There is a storm gathering. Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark. The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?"

The hands of every sailor were gripping the pews in front of them, and a wild excitement was in their eyes. And when the preacher reached the climax of his dramatic speech they sprang to their feet in a body and shouted, "Take the longest!"—New York Sun.

Tramps and Cuff Muzzlers.

The most curious article in the tramp's outfit bears an appropriately odd name—the "cuff muzzler." It consists of the leg of an old stocking cut up into short lengths and worn over the wrist like a thick mitten, and its object is to increase the circumference of the wrist to such an extent that a constable cannot easily slip a handcuff over it.

Indeed, a pair of "cuff muzzlers"—which are worn by none save veteran roadsters—make it very difficult for a constable alone and unaided to handcuff their wearer. Tramps' tools bear puzzling names. Particularly cryptic is "fiddle," the term for a big nail carried by the "spike ranger" or itinerant who goes from one casual ward to the next. Should he fall into the hands of the police it is used in "oakum worrying"—that is, separating the strands of hard rope.—Baltimore American.

A Woman's Letter.

Women, it is generally admitted, write much better letters than men. Marcel Prevost discovered the reason for this superiority. "The obvious meaning is never the one we should read into a woman's letter. There is always a veiled meaning. Woman makes use of a letter just as she employs a glance or a smile, in a way that is carefully thought out and with an eye to effect. And, after all, does a woman's hat serve to cover her head? Does a woman's parasol keep off the sun? Why, then, does a woman's letter serve to convey her real thoughts to the person addressed, just like the letters of some honest grocer, who writes, 'I send you five pounds of coffee,' because he really does send you five pounds of coffee?"—London Spectator.

Long Distance Courtship.

A lady was one day approached by her Scotch maid with the information that she was about to leave. "What is the cause of this sudden decision, Mary?"

"I think I'll be a-marryin'."

"Indeed, and whom, may I ask?"

"The man that sits across in the kirk o' Sundays."

"But what is his name?"

"I dinna ken."

"What! You're surely not engaged to a man whose name you do not know?"

"Not engaged, my lady, but he's been lookin' at me, an' I think he'll soon be speakin'!"—Housekeeper.

Matchmaking in Roumania.

In Roumania once every year is a fair of marriageable girls. The girl, with her relations, gets into a wagon, which also contains her dowry—linen, furniture and household matters—and all set off for the fair. When they arrive the girls are drawn up in one line and the men in another, with their parents behind them. Then if a young man likes the look of any particular girl he talks to her while the parents compare notes as to their possessions and their circumstances in life. If all is found satisfactory there's a marriage at once, and the bride is driven away by her husband to her new home.

Duncan Smoked in Church.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Heart of Midlothian" refers to one Duncan of Knockunder, an important personage, who smoked during the whole of the sermon from an iron pipe tobacco borrowed from other worshippers. We are told that at the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his sporran, returned the tobacco pouch to its owner and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.

A Complex Accomplishment.

"I understand you speak French like a native."

"No," replied the student. "I've got the grammar and the accent down pretty fine, but it's hard to learn the gestures."—Washington Star.

The Surest Place.

Speaker (warning to his subject)—What we want is men with convictions, and where shall we find them? Voice—In jail, guv'nor.—London Telegraph.

When One Loses Confidence.

After a man loses confidence in himself it is not likely that anybody else is going to exhibit much enthusiasm over his abilities.—Chicago Record-Herald.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.—Titcomb.

Wishing Them a Safe Voyage.

"Mabel and George, after much quarreling over the arrangements for their honeymoon, have decided to take the trip in an airship."

"Well, I trust that when they get above the clouds they won't have a falling out!"—Widow.

Between Octogenarians.

"I understand they sentenced him to life imprisonment?"

"Well, no; it wasn't as bad as that. He got only ninety-nine years!"—Puck.

A Soft Answer.

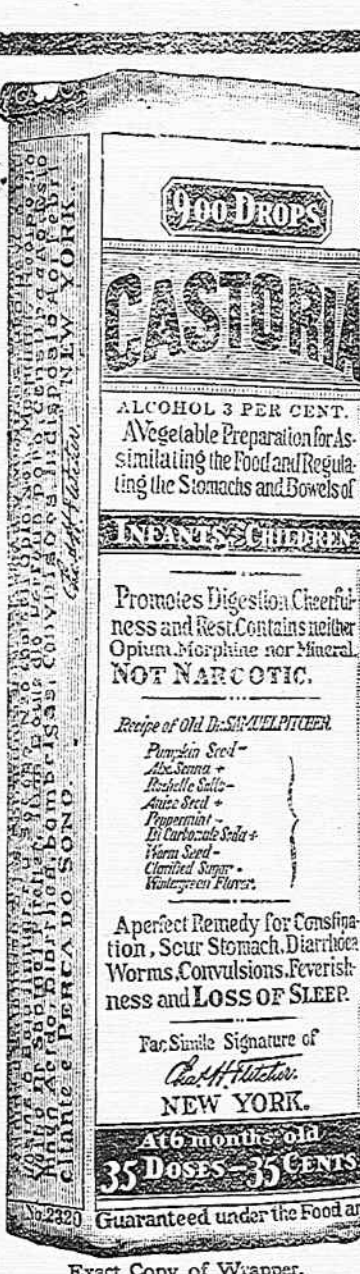
The wife of a man who came home late insisted upon a reason.

"When I go out without you," he said, "I do not enjoy myself half as much, and it takes me twice as long."

Must Have Been Poor.

Critic—Where did you get the idea for that play? Playwright—Out of my head, of course. What do you mean? Critic—You must be glad that it is out!

Ambition is like love—impatient both of delay and rivals.—Denham.



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

OUR SPRING LETTER.

SUMMERTON, S. C., March 1, 1911.

A buggy ride through the country with the blooming peach and the apple blossoms on each side, the common fence corner briar budding forth, indicates that spring is nearly here. The tooting of a strange whistle and the rushing by of a train of cars on the Northwestern, the road which does for us what none other can do, brings us home each night, tells us that the guano extra is on, pressing the early use of Fertilizer Distributors. The land is "flushed," only waiting to be worked.

In passing I would like to mention that we have anticipated the wants of our friends and are prepared to offer them their choice of the following Distributors: Cole, K. P. Gant, Gem and Rex. We also have the following Planters: Cole Combination Cotton and Corn, with and without the guano attachment; the Cox (there is nothing better), and the Old Reliable Dowling, the one that has planted more acres than all others combined. Our prices will bear comparison with the surrounding markets. We are also in touch with the needs of our trade in the way of Straight Shovels, Sweeps or Scrapes, in all sizes. We also have an elegant line of Farm Bridges.

The number of high tenant houses being built shows the improved condition of our country. 15c cotton is gradually bringing us into own. Brick chimneys and metal roofs seem to be the order of the day. While on this subject, will put in a word for the business. We are headquarters for this section for Lime, Cement, Sash, and Metal Roofing (both galvanized and painted). We usually have it when others are "just out."

The miles of Fencing and the fat barrows with the record of Hannah Plowden, impresses one with the idea that the day of the western stock house and barn for our people is past; merely spoken of as "wire back fender," like the war or earthquake. Our shipment of Wire has arrived and the price is right. Try the markets and come and see us, you will buy. No drayage to pay, car unloaded in our warehouse.

Incidentally, would like to mention that we have lost five or six sets of wire stretchers some where in our surrounding country. Any information in regard to them will be appreciated.

Don't forget our Tin Smith. We are prepared to do metal work at once and in an up-to-date manner. We are grateful for the business we have been getting and are showing our appreciation by keeping prices down to lowest point that our business safely will permit.

SUMMERTON HARDWARE CO.

LIME, CEMENT

Acme Plaster, Shingles, Laths, Fire Brick, Drain Pipe, Etc. : : : : :

HAY, GRAIN.

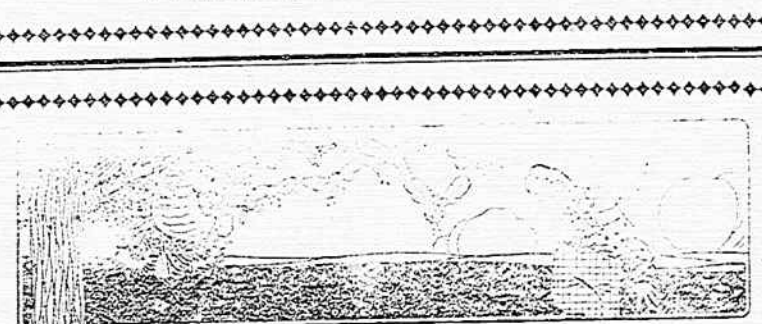
Rice Flour, Ship Stuff, Bran, Mixed Cow and Chicken Feed : : : : :

HORSES, MULES.

Buggies, Wagons and Harness—No Order Too Large or Too Small : : :

BOOTH-HARBY LIVE STOCK CO.

SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA



AVOID THE STING OF REMORSE

that follows avoidable mistakes. Have you ever thought how many mistakes in spending you might avoid if you backed your money? START AN ACCOUNT AT THE BANK OF MANNING and learn by pleasant experience. Money in the bank doesn't burn like cash in your pocket. Once you put it in you are not nearly as ready to take it out to buy anything you see. You think twice and thinking means saving.

Very Awkward.

"Your Albert is going bald, ain't he, Mrs. Smithers?"

"Yes, Mrs. Peters, he certainly is getting 'igh' ended, and it makes it very awkward for the poor dear. When he washes he 'as to keep 'is 'at on 'is 'ead to tell where 'is face finishes!"—London Mail.

Utter Waste.

"We all sigh for something unattainable."

"That's right. My wife has never been able to find any good use for the burned matches!"—Washington Herald.

The Way of the World.

"Isn't it awful? According to the papers, there just seems to be one revolution after another."

"Yes. That's the way the world goes round."—Judge.

It is the peculiarity of a fool to be quick in seeing the faults of others while he is blind to his own.

Electric Bitters

Succeed where everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

His System of Self Defense.

"Have you ever studied the art of self defense?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out: "Solomon's! What is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "A soft answer turneth away wrath!"

For the moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh and looked at his friend anxiously to see whether he was serious. But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough, and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with silent emphasis, "Try it!"—Christian Endeavor World.

The "Green Flash" at Sunset.

A correspondent writes that during the course of a voyage when midway between Marseilles and the strait of Bonifacio a "green flash" was seen at sunset. The sky was perfectly clear after a cloudless day, with little wind. As the sun approached the horizon the line 'twixt sea and sky for about forty-five degrees each side of the sun became suffused with a rich dull rose pink, and the waves reflected a marvelous ruby shade on their surfaces facing the sunset, while the other faces were an opalescent blue or green from the upper sky. The two colors flashed and changed in a marvelous way. Such intensity of coloring had never been seen by those on board. The sun set clean into the sea, and about ten (or less) seconds after it had disappeared a bright green single flash, just like a railway signal lamp, but brighter far, met our view and rewarded our watching for it.—Symons' Meteorological Magazine.

A Good Creed.

To be able to look every man squarely in the eyes; to make friends and hold them; to keep clean of mind and body; to smile at ill fortune; to laugh at my mistakes; to frown when temptation comes availing; to be ready with a word of cheer when that word will help; to strive to develop to the utmost the heart, head and hand qualities endowed by the Ruler over all; to hold all women in respect and love; to wear the thread of eternal optimism into the lives of all with whom I may come in contact; to worship nature and the Great Spirit that conceived it all—in a word, to play the game of life with a steady hand and a quailless conscience and a real desire to be of service—that is my religion. And, say, if I can live up to the mark, don't you think I've corralled about all the creed that is necessary?—Backbone Monthly.

A Stream of Water.

A high pressure jet of water will bowl over a man as easily as a box of matches and leave him dazed and stunned. It will even turn a bullet from its path. Experiments have shown that a jet of water can be produced at such a high pressure that it becomes practically a bar of iron. Swords have been blunted in attempting to cut through these extra high pressure jets. Some years ago an armed thief attempted to hold up a high official of the Bank of England in his private office. The official managed to get out of the room unharmed and locked the door. A resourceful attendant brought the fire hose. He opened the door sufficiently to insert the nozzle. In a few minutes the would be thief was picked up senseless.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Lion and the Lamb.

He was a gentleman of the old school—never mind his wrinkled brown skin and wrinkled brown clothes—and it was with the most distinguished politeness that he gave his order to the butcher man:

"Do madam say please to cut her two lam' chops fun de lion, sub."

The butcher man jerked a loin from a hook, and his customer watched him cut into it. And a waiting woman said to herself:

"Addition forty-eleven to the literature of the lion and the lamb."—Washington Star.

His Denomination.

Dean de Moulou of Trinity cathedral told this bright little story during one of his delightful talks not long ago:

A man was asked to what religious denomination he belonged.

He thought it over.

"Why," he presently replied, "I believe it is the Episcopal church I stay away from."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Misinterpreted Question.

A young Canadian visited Washington one winter to spend the holidays with a pretty cousin and her family. As he was motoring with his pretty cousin one afternoon she said to him:

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?"

"No, darling," he answered quickly. "At this season it always snows."

He Wasn't Afraid.

When Bishop Phillips Brooks was "commanded," as the phrase goes, to speak before the queen some one asked if he was afraid. "No," he replied, smiling; "I have preached before my mother."

Not Serious.

"Husband, I found a lock of hair among your old papers. I never gave it to you."

"You needn't worry. I don't remember who did it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Few Words.

"Did you have many words with your wife last night?"

"No; only a few words, but they were repeated—very often."

Generous Tramp.

"Please gimme a quarter," begged a panhandler on Washington street. "I won't hand yer no tale about bein' hungry, pard—honest, I wantter git a drink."

"But," we objected (for it was indeed us), "you don't need a quarter to buy a drink."

"Sir," answered the panhandler, "do yonuse tink I'm fallen so low as ter take a gent's money an' den invite him ter drink wid me?"—Boston Traveler.

Salt Eaters.

Idiosyncrasy often takes the form of a special craving for instead of an objection to certain foods. Many people possess an extraordinary relish for common salt and